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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## ERIE'S SHORE.—HENNEPIN.

August 7th, 1870.

On Erie's Shore! how have these prairies altered  
Since those dim distant days  
When fringed with beauty, lonely voyagers  
In their uncertain ways.

Since on these lakes the dark robed Jesuit  
Drifted  
Far from the crystal seas  
And knighted sea-kings on the green tides  
The silver Fleur-de-lis!

Since prayed Marquette, by ancient tribes  
Surrounded  
In forest ways untrod,  
And lonely Joliet mighty cities founded  
Where first he talked with God.

Far from the Huron's many-foliaged  
Village,  
Far from the scene of rapine, hate and  
pillage  
Beside the Illinois.

Here Hennepin, while lordly Sachems wondered,  
In burning August turned his strong  
canoe  
Which he had built where walled Niagara  
thundered  
Towards the West and regions of the  
Sioux.

La Salle's strong hand the rudder guided,  
Singing,  
Towards pine rimmed seas and shores,  
While birds from mighty harvesties came,  
winging  
Above the lifted oars.

They saw the land with peace and plenty  
growing;  
On rolled the rivers fair,  
And seas of flowers o'er endless shallows  
flowing  
And seas of odorous air!

The lonely chief upon his pine-plumed  
eyrie,  
Gazed o'er a sea of blooms,  
And watched the strange sail as it wander-  
ed weary  
Amid the twilight glooms,  
From Erie's shore.

The bison, cooling in the stream before  
them,  
Fled to the dark oak's shade;  
The wondering eagle wheeled on slant wing  
o'er them;  
Their sails the warm wind swayed.

Still on and on the dark priest wandered,  
praying  
And singing hymns of praise,  
And on and on the blue lake rolled, display-  
ing  
Its grand march to their gaze.

So passed La Salle, his water-chariot driv-  
ing  
Triumphal down the tide,  
And had against the impetuous currents  
striving  
Rode on the blue lakes wide.

O cross, that marched into the sunset,  
gleaming,  
Down from the Northern seas,  
That nations followed wondering and  
dreaming—  
The silvery Fleur-de-lis.

The red cross flags, the cour-de-bois, the  
ranger,  
The knight, the cavalier,  
The poor of earth, the exile, freed from  
danger,  
The lonely pioneer.

Faith still beholds thee on the waters glow-  
ing  
In twilight's amber air,  
Thy prophets walk the uncertain waves,  
yet knowing  
That God is with thee there.

O'er Erie's Shore rose Hennepin's mild  
order  
It ended eras old;  
The Electric City, on the blue lake's border,  
Begins an age untold,  
On Erie's Shore.

And who can tell of that new age, the story?  
Its righteous peace or wars?  
We only know the Electric City's glory  
Was summoned from the stars  
To Erie's Shore!

\*The Griffin. —Hezekiah Butterworth.

## IN THE SHADOW.

(John H. Kelsa in the Buff and Blue.)

The Tenth Battery, R. F. A.,  
thundered madly over the moonlit  
veldt, heading for the river and the  
heights beyond. The lead-drivers  
plied their whips fiercely on the  
straining horses. Foam was flying  
from the mouths of the poor brutes,  
their nostrils were widely distended  
and blood red, and the heavy whips  
fell again and again on their quiver-

ing wet flanks. Above the pound-  
ing of hoofs, jangle of harness and  
the dull roar of wheels spinning  
swiftly over the uneven ground,  
rose the harsh voices of men yelling  
profanity to facilitate their pro-  
gress.

From somewhere in the darkness  
a single rifle spoke. Private  
Saunders perched on the last limber  
clutched frantically at the air, then  
tumbled off headlong on the veldt.  
The roar of the battery's advance  
died away in the distance. A Boer  
crept from a neighboring boulder  
to where the Englishman lay.  
Private Saunders still retained  
consciousness. He grasped his re-  
volver, there was a flash, a sharp  
report and the Boer sank down.  
His arms and legs thrashed around  
feebly, then he lay quiet, a few feet  
away from his victim. Private  
Saunders felt immensely satisfied  
with himself and went off into a  
dreamless sleep.

The moon looked coldly down  
from the star-studded sky on the  
two still forms stretched out on the  
red sand. It threw long shadows,  
sharp and distinct, of the stunted  
and gnarled karoo bushes. The  
rough outlines of the distant kopjes  
were softened in the silvery light.  
In the dips between height and  
height the shadow was heavy and  
black. At times there flashed from  
the north the wheeling beams of  
the searchlight in beleaguered Kim-  
berly, spelling a despairing cry for  
help, which was answered and  
soothed by the quivering swath of  
light that shot across the trembling  
sky from the south. In the east  
the battery was splashing across the  
river.

The sun was high in the heavens  
glaring down mercilessly on the  
boulder-strewn plain. A man lay  
near a boulder larger than the rest,  
whose stretching shadow had  
cheated him to its sultrier snare.  
On the heights across the river the  
steady drumming of rifles and the  
roar of the field pieces told that the  
British were heavily engaged with  
the Boers.

Saunders' coat was open at the  
throat. A dark red stain below the  
heart showed where the bullet had  
touched him. Beside him on the  
ground were scattered various  
trifles,—a Waterbury watch, dial  
upward, several quaintly carved  
ivory chessmen, the loot of a Boer  
farm house, his water bottle which  
fortunately was full, a few coins  
and a photograph stuck in the sand.  
The photograph was of a young  
girl with a face full of mischievous  
witchery. A smile lurked around  
the mouth and the light of love was  
in the eyes. They looked up at  
the other face, over which an ashy  
gray pallor was stealing, while the  
lips were clenched tight with pain  
and the fierce desire of life was in  
the eyes burning feverishly.

Saunders' fingers played nervously  
with the chessmen. He picked up  
a pawn and tried to balance it on  
his water bottle. It was very  
difficult. He became so absorbed  
in this that he forgot his pain, forgot  
the drip, drip, dripping as the  
red drops ran down his dusty khaki  
coat and made a darker splash in  
the thirsty sand. The rifle chorus  
swelled louder, crashing and thun-  
dering in the far-off anthem of war.  
Up in the dizzy blue heavens four  
black specks hung poised over him.

The ivory pawn was at last  
balanced on the water bottle.  
Saunders sighed with relief. Then  
he knocked it off, lifted the bottle  
to his lips and the warm water  
gurgled down his throat. When he  
laid it down again he was surprised  
to see a stranger in an odd uniform  
squatting on the ground near him,  
picking up the chessmen. He could  
not see his face because the  
helmet was tilted down. The  
stranger kept his head bent. Finally  
Saunders broke the silence.  
"Who are you and where do you  
come from?" he asked in an annoy-  
ed tone of voice.

The stranger chuckled before re-  
plying.

"I came from across the river  
where the rifles called me. I was  
in the flight of each bullet that  
touched man and made his heart as  
water. I was with the many who  
lie so quietly on the top of yonder  
kopje. I have walked the streets  
of Kimberly and those I met hunger  
no more but sleep. I have been in  
the fever tents and hot brows grow  
cold at the touch of my hand. Out

on the veldt I call the burghers and  
they lay aside the Bible and rifle  
forever. I am everywhere. I come  
to all men sooner or later, but now  
I have come for you."

Saunders burst into a hoarse,  
cackling laugh. "I will not go just  
yet. I know well enough who you  
are now. Get out and leave me  
alone."

The stranger said nothing but  
began to carefully arrange the  
chessmen on the red and black  
squares of a chess board.

"Suppose we settle the question  
with a game of chess. You win  
and live. You lose,—;" he  
shrugged his shoulders.

The inveterate gambling instinct  
rose up in Saunders. "Done!"  
he said, "but the stakes are high."  
The battle on the heights was  
waning with the day. The four  
black specks in the heavens were  
larger and nearer.

Saunders moved first. He  
studied the board carefully. His  
opponent apparently without effort  
frustrated every move. Each trick  
he had learned from the crack  
players in his battery was tried and  
thwarted. He saw his pieces  
dwindling till he had only king and  
castle left. The stranger's next  
move cornered him completely. A  
mist swam before his eyes. The  
stranger laughed derisively.

"Come with me! You wish to  
know who I am. Look!" and he  
raised his helmet. Saunders saw  
and understood.

The Red Cross wagons were  
crawling across the veldt. On each  
side of the lumbering wains a  
mounted escort jogged along wear-  
ily. Over the boulder and near to  
the ground four huge vultures  
swept in narrowing circles. Ser-  
geant Randall, in charge of the es-  
cort, watched them.

"Man over there," he shouted  
as he caught sight of a white helmet  
near the boulder. "Come on, you  
two," and the foremost riders  
dashed after him.

Seated with his back to the  
boulder, the ruddy glare of the set-  
ting sun in his gray face, was the  
body of an artillery private. One  
hand grasped an ivory pawn. The  
other hand was stretched to a  
photograph stuck in the sand. A  
half empty water bottle and a set  
of chessmen were lying in a damp,  
brown stain in the red sand.

"Too late," said the sergeant  
kneeling beside the body. "Take  
him away. Hold on," and he  
placed the photograph in the breast-  
pocket of the blood-stained coat.

They laid him to rest with his  
other comrades in the forty-foot  
long trench, within the shadow of  
those

"Ramparts of slaughter and peril—  
Blazing, amazing—glow  
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl  
And the wine-dark flats below."

## How Taft Liked an Editor.

Judge William H. Taft, just in-  
augurated first civil governor of the  
Philippines, is a tall, broad should-  
ered man of great dignity. Person-  
ally Governor Taft is one of the  
most gracious and kind hearted  
of men, but several times during  
his career he has shown that he has  
fighting blood in his veins, says a  
correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. At Yale he was the most pop-  
ular man in his class and was noted  
for his skill as a boxer and in  
other similar forms of athletics.  
This skill he once put to good use  
after he graduated and came back  
to his home in Cincinnati.

At that time there was published  
in Cincinnati a scurrilous Sunday  
paper, made up chiefly of scandal-  
ous attacks on prominent people.  
One Sunday morning the paper con-  
tained what purported to be a letter  
from Washington written by a  
society woman of Cincinnati who  
was visiting the national capital.  
The letter was such as no woman  
of discretion and modesty would  
have written, and, though the name  
of its alleged author was not given,  
the editor in another article suc-  
ceeded in conveying the impression  
that Mrs. Taft, mother of the pre-  
sent governor, who happened at  
that to be in Washington, was re-  
sponsible for it.

The day article appeared William  
H. Taft, accompanied by a male re-  
lative, called at the office of the pa-  
per in question and succeeded in  
identifying the editor who had writ-

ten the article which had offended  
his family. He then proceeded to  
take off his coat and otherwise  
clear the decks for action. The edi-  
tor called for help, but the elder  
Taft held those who came to his  
assistance at bay, while young Wil-  
liam attended to the case of chief  
offender. When he had finished,  
there was just about enough left of  
the blackmailing editor to be de-  
cently taken to the hospital. Doc-  
tors worked over the fragments for  
two weeks, at the end of which  
time the victim of Taft's strong  
right arm was just able to limp out  
to his office. He never took any  
action against the future jurist,  
whose action was highly commended  
by the entire community.

## How Coal Was Discovered.

Several wealthy mine owners of  
Pennsylvania are making arrange-  
ments to erect a monument, to be  
made of coal, in memory of Philip  
Ginter, who was one of the first to  
find that the mineral could be made  
useful as fuel. The discovery came  
about in one of those chance ways  
which often produce far-reaching  
results.

About the year 1790 Mr. Ginter  
was lying in a rude log cabin in  
the forest lands around Mauch  
Chunk mountains in Pennsylvania.  
While hunting in the woods he  
found himself at some distance from  
the cabin, and before making his  
bed for the night under a broad-  
spreading tree he decided to start a  
fire and cook some of his game for  
supper. After eating the meal he  
bethought himself that he would  
fix the fire so that it would keep  
during the night, as the wood about  
him was damp and greasy rendering  
the task of making a new fire in  
the morning an uninviting one.

Lying near at hand on the  
ground were several black stones,  
and it occurred to Mr. Ginter that  
he might save the fire by piling the  
stones over it, thus keeping it pro-  
tected and smouldering through the  
night. On rising from his sleep  
the next morning he was surprised  
to find that some of the stones had  
entirely consumed, while others were  
a glowing red. When he poked the  
stones they gave out a crackling  
sound and emitted little shafts of  
blue flame. In our day we can see  
that what Mr. Ginter called black  
stones were in reality coal. He was  
impressed sufficiently with his dis-  
covery to take some large pieces of  
the coal home with him for experi-  
ment. It was not long before his  
family learned to use it in cooking.  
The nearest neighbors lived quite a  
distance away, but the news of the  
discovery soon traveled and several  
families in that locality began to  
make use of the wonderful stones.  
However, it was not till twenty-  
five years later that coal-mining  
operations began in that section to  
any great extent.

Some years previous to the time  
Philip Ginter found that the black  
stones would burn, two brothers,  
Obadiah and Daniel Gore, who  
took up their residence after the  
Revolutionary War near Wilkes-  
barre, Pa., made a similar discovery.

All through the war for indepen-  
dence Obadiah Gore served under  
General Washington. At the close  
of the struggle he located in Brand-  
ford County, Pa., where he acted as  
Justice of the Peace for several  
years, and was highly respected as  
a prominent citizen. In company  
with his brother Daniel, he deter-  
mined to make an examination of  
the queer black rock which outcrop-  
ped on his brother's farm. It was  
often the cause of bother to the  
farming operations, rendering some  
of the fields unworkable. Fre-  
quently it had been referred to as  
a nuisance, but Obadiah, who had a  
liking for geology in an amateur  
way was of the opinion that the  
rock had fuel qualities in it.

A trial was first made with the  
rock in the fireplace on the Gore  
farm with unsatisfactory result.  
Later another trial was made in a  
blacksmith shop near the farm. By  
helping the fire with the bellows it  
was found that an intense heat could  
be made. The blacksmith shop was  
a centre of interest among the people  
who lived for miles around. It was  
seen that the use of coal rendered  
the working of iron easier, and re-  
sults could be obtained which the  
use of wood did not permit.  
The little smithy was soon a thriv-

ing industry as well as a novelty.  
Many things of iron, like andirons,  
cranes and other kitchen utensils  
used in the old days, were turned  
out, and the use of coal for manu-  
facturing purposes was demonstat-  
ed.

It is to be noted that Philip Gin-  
ter has a right to claim a share of  
the honor for the discovery of coal  
as fuel in the home, it is to the  
Gore brothers that the glory of turn-  
ing it to practical utility belongs.  
It is doubtful if either Obadiah or  
Daniel Gore had the faintest idea  
of the profound discovery they had  
made, even after the success at the  
smithy. A glance at the world's in-  
dustries to-day shows what a revolu-  
tion has been wrought by the use of  
the black stones, compared with the  
old days when wood was the only  
fuel. Coal has in a measure lessen-  
ed the wanton destruction of timber,  
permitting wood to be devoted to  
more legitimate uses.

It is almost impossible to imagine  
how the world of to-day could get  
on without coal. The production  
of the black material has reached  
nearly 160,000,000 tons a year in  
Pennsylvania alone. Over 150,000  
persons are employed in mining,  
breaking and shipping it into points  
of disbursement, to say nothing of  
the business it gives railways and  
small dealers. To fully realize the  
importance of coal it is only neces-  
sary to have such a strike in the  
mines as that of last Fall, when  
thousands of homes and factories  
were caused inconvenience. A  
stoppage of the supply for any  
length of time would be a veritable  
disaster.—Our Young People.

## ST. HELENA.

In the old days—not good old  
days—when East Indians went  
round the cape, St. Helena was a  
great port of call and of revictualing.

It was prosperous then, and when  
in 1815 Napoleon the Great came  
there as a prisoner his prosperity  
was at its zenith. The government  
had no control over it. The island  
belonged to the East India Company,  
and it was only by arrangement  
with the board of directors that it  
could have been used as a place of  
deportation for the mighty emperor.  
Why was it so well fitted for the  
purpose? It is in mid ocean, a  
thousand and more miles from any  
continent.

Its coast rises up in precipitous  
rock from the ocean. Escape, save  
at the risk of a broken neck, would  
be almost impossible. Only at one  
place, Jamestown, on the north-  
eastern coast could any boat hope  
to land, and even there only if the  
elements are kind. This is not  
always so. There is the roller  
season. Great rollers come in from  
the Atlantic, and often for days  
there can be little or no communi-  
cation between an anchored vessel  
and the rough steps at the end of  
an embarkation quay.

What St. Helena was between  
1815 and 1821 it is now, a safe  
prison. Once a month a Castle  
Union steamer calls for a few hours,  
lands and takes off the mails, dis-  
charges one or two officials or re-  
ceives them homeward bound, and  
that is all.—*Imperial and Colonial Magazine.*

## Facts About the Census.

Over one-quarter of the entire  
population of the country is found  
in the large cities.

The population of Birmingham,  
Ala., has increased from 3,086 in  
1880 to 38,415 in 1900.

Not counting the national capital,  
there are 44 towns and cities bear-  
ing the name of Washington.

It is estimated that there are 84,  
400 persons in the service of the  
United States stationed abroad.

Only one State has over 7,000,000  
inhabitants—New York. Pennsylv-  
ania is alone in the class between  
6,000,000 and 7,000,000.

In 1880 there were but 20 cities  
which contained more than 100,000  
inhabitants, but in 1890 this num-  
ber had increased to 28, and in 1900  
to 38.

Pennsylvania and Delaware are  
the only ones among the original  
States at the present time holding  
the same relative rank in population  
as in 1890.

It would puzzle an onion to under-  
stand what there is about a rose  
that people like.

## FANWOOD.

The shooting affair which took  
place at 161st Street and Broadway  
last Wednesday night was only a  
short distance away, being heard by  
several in the Institution at the  
time. It is rumored that Mr. Saehr,  
the Florist, had been annoyed incess-  
antly by the peculiar actions of the  
vigorous night watchman McGurk.  
While Mr. Saehr was walking on his  
own property he was ordered off by  
McGurk and without any warning  
at all he was shot, the shot tak-  
ing effect in the jugular vein. He  
died within a quarter of an hour.

Our night supervisor, Mr. Wil-  
liam L. Hanson, limps. No, it is  
not rheumatism, it is just plain or-  
dinary suburn. He went in a boat  
with Tator C. W. Van Tassel to  
see a corpse that was found in  
the river. Both were clad in bath-  
ing suits. Old Sol looked upon  
them long and lovingly. Especial-  
ly our night supervisor, as he had  
caused himself considerable trouble  
before the day was over. He is so  
burned that he will in time no doubt  
prove himself equal to the colors of  
the life guards along the Hudson.

Mosquitos are now numerous at  
Fanwood. Every one here has a  
score of bites to prove that those  
pests are around.  
The boys now remaining at Fan-  
wood, consisting of Cadets A. Barry,  
A. and W. Knipe and Carl Lauten-  
berger, have invented a four-wheel  
automobile made from an old bi-  
cycle. They have taken the wheels  
off and joined it to a box, joining  
two other wheels, and enjoy them-  
selves every evening by riding down  
hill.

Miss Mary Moers spent Thurs-  
day evening at the Waldorf with  
friends.

A double bracket gas fixture  
has just been placed in the boys'  
hall leading to the lavatory, where  
the boys entertain each other of  
evenings.

Mr. Curtis L. Wilcox, son of  
Steward Wilcox, is now vacationiz-  
ing in Fairhaven, Mass., for a week.  
Mrs. Hoffman visited her daughter  
May, here last week.

Miss Jessie F. Hicks was a caller  
here Thursday.

Miss Kleinhaus, a former em-  
ployee in the sewing room, now of  
Mt. Vernon, paid us a call Wednes-  
day.

A party of young ladies, consist-  
ing of Misses Moers, Clarke and  
McDonald, chaperoned by our nurse  
Mrs. Murray, got together on Mon-  
day evening last and had the pleas-  
ure of witnessing the Comique  
Opera of the "Strollens," now being  
played by the Francis Wilson Com-  
pany in the Knickerbocker Theatre.

A sad misfortune happened to the  
reporter now writing up Fanwood.  
Sunday, while in bathing at Mid-  
land Beach with friends, thinking  
he had discovered Anthony Reiff  
sitting on the beach passing his  
time in reading a newspaper, came  
very suddenly behind him and  
seized him by the hair, but was al-  
most prostrated to find it was  
another person. After all kinds of  
apologies and excuses, he thought  
it better to wade in the surf where  
no more miracles could be perform-  
ed.

Mr. John R. Wilcox, the son of  
Steward Curtis Wilcox, who has  
been vacationizing in the Berkshire  
Hills, Egremont, Mass., for two  
weeks, returned to the Institution  
Sunday.

Mr. Anthony C. Reiff, a graduate  
of 1901, spent Sunday in celebrat-  
ing his grandmother's 77th birthday  
in Brooklyn.

Mr. William Watkins our in-  
dustrious baker's assistant, devotes  
his leisure time to conversation with  
the bathers along the Hudson.

Mr. Joseph Toobey, who is em-  
ployed by the Edison Electric  
Company, was a visitor here Sun-  
day.

Mr. E. P. Clarke and his sister,  
Miss Etta Clarke, journeyed to  
Coney Island and saw "Loop-the-  
Loop" and had a chance to get the  
best of old Sol. There is what is  
known as Flip-the-Flap in Atlantic  
City. Getting in a car you whiz  
down an inclined plane with in-  
creasing velocity till the car comes  
to a large loop where it makes a  
complete somersault. For an in-  
stant heads are where heels ought  
to be. It is very exciting and on the  
journey one is apt to wish he had  
made his will and been a little better

than the fleeting panorama of his  
past life shows him. But after  
passing through one trip safely, one  
wants to risk his life at it again.  
It was fully appreciated by the  
"Silent Five" basket ball team  
while there.

Mr. LeGrand B. Randall, the  
principal's private secretary, thought  
it rather refreshing to spend Sun-  
day with relatives at Long Island.  
When he reached the trolley cars he  
wished he had abandoned all ideas  
of going, on account of the great  
throng of people that filled the cars.

Miss Mary Lewis, Matron of the  
Laundry Department, spent Sunday  
at Rockaway Beach with friends.  
W.

## THE MUST POWER.

Very interesting is the study of  
human motives. When a man  
achieves pre-eminent success in an  
honorable vocation, says the  
*Saturday Evening Post*, the world  
is anxious to know what has been  
the source of his highest inspiration.  
With one, we find that a particular  
friendship has had much to do with  
shaping his career. With another,  
unbounded ambition has impelled  
him to strenuous effort.

There is, however, another force  
which operates more generally than  
we are wont to think, a power not  
often reckoned among the influences  
that make for success. It may be  
called the inspiration of necessity.

Many a man plans wisely, works  
unremittingly, waits with "pas-  
sionate patience," simply because he  
must; because failure would mean  
defeat, and defeat would mean  
irremediable disaster.

Many a man has constantly before  
him the vision of as invalid wife, or  
dependent parents, or a nest of  
little children to feed, or older ones  
to educate, and the thought of their  
possible suffering has been a mental  
stimulus whose effect is not easily  
calculated.

The rich man's son knows that if  
he fails in college some other door  
will open to him—he can have pri-  
vate tutors and foreign travel. But  
the young fellow from the farm,  
who is paying his own way through  
school by keeping furnaces or wait-  
ing at a boarding-house table, knows  
that if he fails, there is nothing be-  
fore him but to return to the farm.  
So he trims his lamp and girds his  
loins anew.

An American soldier in the  
Philippines had cut his way out  
of a squad of bolo-men who had  
taken him prisoner. The captain  
of his company said: "Man, how  
on earth did you get out of that  
scrape. I thought you were as good  
as dead." The Hoosier replied:  
"I don't know, sir, except that I  
just had to!"

The very desperation of our  
condition is sometimes the best spur  
to heroic endeavor. The greatest  
deeds of the greatest men have  
been done under the pressure of  
circumstances so emergent and crit-  
ical that they called forth from the  
interior depths of character all pos-  
sible strength and persistence.  
Back of Leonidas, and Charles  
Martel, and William of Orange,  
and Columbus, and Washington,  
and Wellington, and Lincoln, was  
the eternal Must of destiny.—*Ex.*

## He Saves a Deaf Woman From Wheels of a Trolley.

Mrs. Pauline Donnell, seventy  
years old, of No. 310 West One  
Hundred and Twentieth Street, was  
last night snatched from probable  
fatal injury by James T. Tiernan,  
a fireman attached to the fireboat  
Havemeyer.

Mrs. Donnell, who is somewhat  
deaf, was walking across the Har-  
lem Bridge. A car was crossing  
the structure in the same direction,  
and the motorman was continually  
clanging his bell. Fireman Tier-  
nan, a passenger on the car, seeing  
that the woman would be struck,  
jumped to the roadway, and by fast  
running managed to reach her and  
throw her from the track in time to  
save her from being run over. The  
car knocked them both down, but  
as it had barely touched them  
neither was badly hurt.

Girls, if you can't marry the man  
you want, coax some other man to  
marry you.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Speechless copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

ONE of the questions propounded by the Chairman of the Industrial Section of the American Association of Teachers of the Deaf, was: "Should two or three years be allowed to complete apprenticeship." The editor of this paper was requested to answer it, and as it was not read at the convention, it seems only just and proper to print it herein, as it deals with a topic of vital importance to thousands of the deaf.

"Should two or three years be allowed to complete apprenticeship?"

The question is vague and indefinite, but the presumption is that it refers to the whole period of time required in the trades schools to give the pupil a fair degree of ability and an adequate comprehension of the principles and technique of a trade.

To suggest such a short period of time is absurd. The trades unions have ruled on the point in a most emphatic manner. They say four years; and no one who has served a term of apprenticeship can be admitted to the ranks of journey-men.

This four years represents from eight to ten hours a day and six days a week. It also requires of the applicant certain qualifications, minus which he is rejected.

At our schools for the deaf, the qualifications required of a hearing candidate for apprenticeship to a trade are almost always lacking. That is the first obstacle to consider and the hardest to overcome.

Then, again, the time specified in years is misleading when applied to institution trades schools. The pupil, under the most favorable conditions of attendance, spends less than three hours a day for but five days in the week and thirty-five weeks in the year. Thus a term of five years in a trades school of an institution for the education of the deaf, is equivalent to about one year as served by the hearing apprentice. Therefore, if the question of time be alone considered, the deaf apprentice at school would require twenty years to equal the term of service demanded of the hearing. It is greatly to the credit of instructors in industries at our schools for the deaf, that they turn out competent workmen in the short time which the exigencies of the school terms of pupils permit.

But time is not the only handicap which impedes the acquisition of a trade by the deaf pupil-apprentice. There can be no fair comparison between the intellectual qualifications of bright hearing boys and deaf boys of the same age. The hearing boy is seldom as apt as the deaf boy in acquiring manual dexterity; but he is immeasurably superior to the deaf boy in his comprehension of the why and wherefore of mechanical details. He also is well advanced in the three Rs—reading, 'riting an 'rithmetic—which enables him to understand verbal instructions and make his own measurements and calculations; whereas the deaf boy is terribly deficient in these essentials. How, then, can the deaf boy be expected to accomplish as much as the hearing boy, in one-tenth the time?

The trades instructors in schools for the deaf most keenly realize that success in a trade depends less upon mechanical precision and celerity of performance than upon a thorough mental comprehension of its principles, a clear understanding of the language of the different operations, and the ability to construct from a written scale of measurements. Rapidity and dexterity come from practice, but the knowledge which leads to mastery and places the deaf on the same level as the hearing workman, can only be secured by study and attentiveness aided by the incessant explanation and instruction of the teacher.

Another drawback to be considered in trades teaching, is that the pupils almost invariably become possessed of the idea that they are "working" for the benefit of the institution. To enlist their interest and endow them with an ambition to excel, is a slow and difficult process. They are often anxious about their class-room studies, but usually regard the trades schools as an impediment to their playground enjoyments, designed by the institution to profit by the labor of their hands. It takes a long time, and much patience on the part of the instructor, to eradicate this mistaken impression and substitute for it the individual interest by which success for the pupil is begotten.

The hearing boy is admitted to apprenticeship because of his brightness and other qualifications. If he is lazy or neglectful, he knows that summary dismissal will follow. He must serve four years of at least eight hours a day and six days a week. The deaf boy is often assigned haphazard, or at best not because he possesses the qualifications deemed necessary, but in the hope that he will develop those qualifications. His deficiencies, wilful or otherwise, must be patiently borne and considerately treated. He can not be arbitrarily sent home, because the institution is responsible for his education. His working hours are less than three a day, five days make up his week, and thirty-five weeks constitute his year. Why ask the question, "Should two or three years be allowed to complete apprenticeship?" Give the deaf boy a fair show. At least five years is absolutely necessary with the brightest and best, and under the most favorable conditions. With the majority, more than five years should be allowed. If any trades school instructor turns out a first-class workman in five years, both the pupil and teacher deserve commendation, for they have really accomplished as much as is expected of a bright hearing apprentice, and done it in one-fourth the time.

### BELEATED JUSTICE.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have looked over all the accounts of your recent conventions in Buffalo, and fail to see one word about the contribution made by our good friend, August E. Volker, towards the Reception Fund. Lavish words of praise and acknowledgment were heaped on the Reception Committee, and this, of course, with justice, but not one word was said about the "men behind the guns," those who provided the ammunition for discharging our hospitality to the visiting deaf. Nor was anything said about the disinterested labor of Mr. S. D. Weil. To the latter and to Miss Carroll we are indebted more than anyone else for raising the fund, and to this fund Mr. A. E. Volker contributed very largely and liberally, and we might say that without Mr. Volker's contribution the reception could hardly have attained the magnitude and style it did. I write this without the knowledge of either Mr. Volker or Mr. Weil, and do so on my own responsibility, believing that after the blunder in not making proper public acknowledgment to them at the proper time, this tardy public acknowledgment is at least due to them.

Very truly yours,  
C. ORVIS DANTZER.

The latest Swiss engineering scheme is to pierce the base of the Thias at Sta. Croce, near Chiavenna, and so create a tunnel 24 miles in length. The undertaking, which seems likely to take immediately a definite shape, will take ten years to complete.

Sockson Buskin—I'm raising money to buy land to build a home on for poor actors.

Ben F. Volent—Well, if you're going to buy land for a home for poor actors, I guess you'll have to buy two or three States.—*Brooklyn Life*.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Excursion of the Clerc Literary Association.

#### ORGANIZING BRANCHES.

#### Items of Interest.

News items for this column should be sent to J. S. Reider, 1535 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The excursion of the Clerc Literary Association to Woodland Beach, on Wednesday, July 17th, was about as successful as the former excursions of the Association. The trip down the Delaware River for sixty miles was especially delightful. At the Beach, which was reached at one o'clock, the excursionists indulged in bathing and other amusements until the home-ward trip began at 3:30 p.m. Thomas E. Jones captained the party, in the absence of Chairman Reider, and nothing occurred mar the enjoyment of the pleasure seekers. The only thing we regret is that we could not attend the excursion.

The daily papers reported this case last week:

A case that is puzzling the physicians at St. Agnes' Hospital is that of James McDevitt, twenty-two years old, 1172 S. 11th street, who was brought to the institution yesterday. He is suffering from a total paralysis of the vocal cords from drinking ice water.

McDevitt is employed in a brickyard at 30th and Millin Streets. It was there that he suddenly lost all power of speech. He went to work at one o'clock in the afternoon and by six o'clock he had drunk eleven full glasses of the coldest ice water he could find. When he had finished swallowing the last glass he felt a choking sensation. He tried to tell his fellow employees about it, and found he was unable to speak. He wrote his troubles on a piece of paper and was sent to the hospital.

Mr. B. R. Allabough arrived in the city on the 18th inst., having had a most successful tour through the State. He succeeded in establishing ten local branches of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. Some of them have already sent in sums of money to Treasurer Reider. Other will no doubt do so soon. It will be seen then that Mr. Allabough (with apologies to Mr. Teegarden) not only is a worker, but can bring about quick results by his work. The Society is thus fortunate to have him at its head. He is the right man in the right place. May he (again with apologies to Mr. Teegarden) have abundant success in all his future efforts for the Society and the Home project!

The following clippings from a Lebanon paper will give an idea of the kind of interest which Mr. Allabough has awakened among the deaf of one of the different cities of the State:

The deaf-mutes of Lebanon City and vicinity held a cake and ice cream festival in aid of the Home Fund for Aged, Blind and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, at 428 Weidman Street, the cozy residence of Mr. William Lohse, from 7 to 10 p.m. yesterday, in spite of the inclemency of the weather which must have kept many away.

Their hearing friends contributed the stock, which amounted to \$24.30—profit being \$17.60. All the cakes were sold, and brought in \$7.20.

Little Ruth Lohse was the only hearing witness, and did her part nobly. Every one concerned in the affair labored hard to please the contributors. Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Lemberger were liberal patrons. Upon the whole the results were most gratifying, and the excellent order of the affair and their efforts that they are anxious to try again.

Tonight M. B. R. Allabough, the president of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, will give a lecture in the interest of the Home Fund at the same place. All deaf-mutes are invited to be present and any others are as welcome.

A local branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf was organized here yesterday, and will be known as the Lebanon Branch. It was through the efforts of B. R. Allabough that it was organized. The following were elected officers: William Lohse, Chairman; Charles J. Butcher, Secretary; Walter Lohse, Treasurer. Those present at the meeting were Mr. and Mrs. William Lohse, Mrs. Harvey DeLong, Miss Anna B. Shedy, Walter Tobias, Charles J. Butcher, Aron Butcher, Miss Minnie Moyer and Isabelle Moyer. Mrs. DeLong and Miss Shedy are from Frederickburg. The meeting was held at Mr. Lohse's home, 428 Weidman Street, Mr. Allabough presiding.

Mrs. George W. Steenrod, of Wheeling, W. Va., is now stopping at the Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City. Mr. McClurg and family, of Pittsburg, are also there.

Miss Elizabeth Heiligh, of York, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider for several days last week.

Washington Houston speaks very highly of the hospitality of the deaf of Buffalo, which made his recent visit there doubly enjoyable.

Governor Stone's veto act clipped off \$20,000 from the Legislative appropriation of \$260,000 to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The Oral School for the Deaf, Scranton, gets a reduction of \$5,000 from the appropriation of \$53,225. The Home for Training Speech to Deaf Children and the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Pittsburg, are smil' upon by the Governor, who allows them their full appropriations—\$41,000 and \$141,200 respectively.

Mrs. Effie L. Dornier is visiting her sister in Erie, and may not return until Fall. She attended the Buffalo Convention and visited Niagara Falls with the excursion of the deaf.

Mrs. Bayne joined the Clerc Literary excursion when the steamer reached Pennsgrove, and her friends were pleased to see her again.

Notices have been sent out of the meeting of the Philadelphia Local Branch, at the Mt. Airy Institution, on Saturday evening, July 27th. All will be welcome. A crowd is looked for.

#### THE NEW REPORTER.

"I am just out of college," said the tall, sun-burned youth with the good clothes and the trousers rolled up at the bottoms, addressing the city editor of a New York newspaper with a great air of confidence, "and I am making an effort to obtain a foothold in journalism. I did some work for my college paper. I have here two or three letters of introduction to you. Do you think you can put me on as a reporter?"

"Journalism, hey?" said the city editor. "Want to get into journalism, you say? What is journalism, I'd like to know?"

The testy tone didn't faze the tall youth to any extent. He stuffed some long cut into his bull-dog pipe apparently more out of habit than for any other reason, for he didn't light the pipe. Then he flicked some imaginary dust off his trousers.

"That," he replied, "is what I want to find out. I'm hunting for a journalistic job so that I can find out."

"Well," snapped the city editor when he had read the letters, "there's no journalism around this plant but if you want to butt into the newspaper business I can give you a show. The cub that's been covering one of the police courts got discouraged and dropped out a couple of days ago, and if you want his billet you can have it on trial. S'pose you write strictly in the Macaulay vein.

The tall youth grinned self-possessedly and made no reply, feeling that no reply was necessary.

"There's not much doing at that police court," went on the city editor, as he viciously wielded his blue pencil on some "flimsy" copy. "Chicken feed stuff, most of it, worth about a stick or so—occasionally some funny drunks, and disorderlies. No chance for you to work in the editorial 'we' or to put down the fact that you 'point with pride' or that you 'view with alarm,' or any kind of stuff like that. Understand?"

The young man nodded his head respectfully. "Well, you can chase up there in the morning and get your bearings, and we'll have a look at your copy. That'll be about all," and the city editor clapped a fistful of copy onto one of his books and turned his back upon the tall, sun-burned youth.

When the city editor reached the office the next day he found a little stack of copy, in an unfamiliar hand, on his desk. "What's this?" he asked the chief copy-reader, picking up the matter as if it was fly paper. "Why," said the chief copy-reader, "that's a neat little bunch of police court stuff that one of the new ducks turned in awhile ago. Four or five rattling good stories in it, and dressed up just our way, I don't know who the fellow is that did it, but I thought I'd pass it along to you to look over; it's so toppy and original."

"Huh!" growled the city editor, turning over the pages of the copy. He quickly became interested, as was apparent from his manner. "Well, I'll be darned," he said, after a while to the assistant city editor. "Member that college whelp that was in here yesterday, that I assigned to that bum police-court—the one that wanted to get into journalism? Well, say, you ought to see this batch of stuff he's turned in. 'Bout four stories in it that I'm going to have heads put on and scattered over the first page."

"No!" exclaimed the assistant city editor. "Well, it would jar you, wouldn't it?" said the city editor. And he said he wanted to go into journalism at that. Say, have you got any decent assignments left on the book?"

"Nothing but a bucket shop failure down the street—may be something in it, but it doesn't look promising."

"Hey," yelled the city editor to one of the boys, "where's that journalist? Where'd he go after he turned in the copy?"

The tall sun-burned youth emerged from a dark corner and approached the city editor's desk.

"Hello, there," said the editor to him choppyly. "Not such bad stuff as it might be, that bunch you turned in from the police court. D'ye know anything about financial questions?"

"Well," began the youth, "I took the course in political economy, and—"

"Political economy, nothing!" spluttered the city editor. "There's a bucket shop down on the outer rim of Wall Street that closed its doors to-day. It's an outfit that's been under suspicion for some time. Chase down there and see if you can dig up the crookedness connected with the joint."

The young man from college clapped on his nice new straw hat with the red ribbon around it and went his way. The city editor was gone for the day when he returned from his quest, and so, after a word or so with the night editor, he sat down and began to write. He wrote until the hour the paper went to press, with a relay of copy boys grabbing off the sheets as quick as he finished them, and when, at about half-past two in the morning, he leaned back pretty well worn-out, he had written several columns of double-leaded matter, which was clapped into the first page with a big head.

"Not so bad, son," said the night editor in a kindly tone to the new man, who wearily got up and went to his room and slept for ten hours.

When he walked into the reporter's room at one o'clock on the day following his first day's work, he noticed that all of the copy boys were looking him over shrewdly, and that the old-timers who were sitting around waiting for assignments stared at him in hard. He walked up to the city editor's desk to report.

"Ho, it's you hey?" said the city editor with a thrill of well-suppressed excitement in his tone. "Say, what d'ye think you are a journalist?"

"Well," stammered the tall, sun-burned young man from college, "that's what I wanted to—"

"You did, eh?" growled the city editor, jumping up and clapping the young man heartily on the back. "No, you didn't. You just thought you did, that's all! You never wanted to be a journalist, but you wanted to be a newspaper man, and if you are not that right now, by ginger, you're never going to be! You're all right, if you are from college! That's the whackiest story that has sneaked into this old paper since I've been connected with it, and what's more, it's a clean cold-blooded scoop on the whole town, and you're too much of a cub to know it!"

For the young man from college had struck the right trail, and got hold of the story of the hundreds of women who had been swindled in the bucket shop, and he had spread himself on the account. From that day he got the No. 1 good assignment on the paper that he had tackled for a job as a journalist.

This is a strictly true tale of a man who, while one of the youngest, is now one of the best-known editors in New York.

There never was a rule yet that didn't work both ways.—*Washington Star*.

#### Taught to Feign Dumbness.

CHICAGO, July 19.—Smiling as if he were expecting a fine time of it, Ludwig Golik approached the witness stand in Judge Horton's courtroom to-day to tell a jury how he had been trained for a year not to speak so that the defendants in the case of conspiracy—Anton Grabowski, Ignatz Der and Anna Svehl—might secure \$5,000 from the City of Chicago as personal damages for the injury of the boy.

From the boy's testimony, which was secured with difficulty, it appeared that he had been trained for a long time to believe that if he did not talk he would get money. After he had been apparently dumb for weeks he was taken to a physician, who applied electricity to make him talk.

"What did they do to you at the doctor's office?" asked the attorney. "They put something on his leg, and it went 'tick, tick,' is what he says," answered the Court.

The boy was also trained to wrinkle his forehead, which produced a deep furrow like a cut. All these things were used as evidence in the damage court.

#### A DEAF-MUTE DWARF.

Mrs. Ruskin, who is labouring as a missionary in connection with the Congo Balolo Mission, sends an interesting account of a deaf and dumb boy she has come across in that far-off region. She says:—"There is one boy of whom I must tell you, for I am sure you will be interested to hear about him. His name is Lokisi, and he is both deaf and dumb. He is a member of the tribe of Bofoto, or Elephant-hunters, and is about twelve years of age. There are but a very few of these little people (for they are all dwarfs) in this district, and it is only within the last two years that any of their children have come to school. When they first came, Lokisi came too, just because he always did go wherever his sisters went, and he has kept on coming ever since. Poor Lokisi! he can hear nothing, he cannot speak a word, and yet he comes day after day. Whoever is absent, he is in his place, and he never misbehaves himself. When the examination was taking place this year, Lokisi would insist on being examined with the others. When his turn came, he walked up to the platform, stared at the A B C card, and uttered a series of sounds of some kind, quite incomprehensible to us. He then ran off, quite satisfied that he had done well. Poor laddie! it seems so impossible to teach him anything."—*British Deaf Monthly*.

## CHICAGO.

### Excursion to the "Beer City."

#### AND A PICNIC.

#### News Items and Jest.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Milwaukee excursion, under the auspices of the Chicago Mutual Benefit Association of the Deaf, was carried out to the letter on the water, Friday evening, July 19th, and it was followed by their second annual picnic the next day at the west Side Union Park, in Milwaukee, Wis. Many Chicagoans flocked to the port to see the merry-makers off to the great Beer city. There were only about seventy-five of the deaf on the boat. The officers were on hand trying to sell tickets, and did their best.

Mr. George Carter, the president of the C. M. B. A., who was acting as the guiding Moses, said he had chartered the boat and sold tickets as fast as hot cakes. The society had its programme printed in artistic display, and Mr. Cullingworth furnished the half-tones of Thomas H. Gallaudet, Clerc, Abbe de l'Epee, Abbe Sicard, etc. In the programme the president stated that the *Deaf World* had 1,000 subscribers in Chicago and vicinity.

Ha! Ha! Ha!!! Messrs. and Mesdames Fritz, M. E. Smith, Cullingworth, Carter, Sibitzky, Messrs. Zollinger, Weller, Wedekind, Heymanson, Ryan, the *World* man, and others were the jolly passengers. Senator Mason did not make an appearance, as advertised by the "truthful president."

The steamer reached Milwaukee Saturday morning, and the excursionists tramped sight-seeing that morning, meeting at the Union Park in the afternoon. The contests for prizes were captured by the Milwaukee people.

The Committee of Arrangements were: M. E. Smith, Chairman; George H. Carter, Fred. W. Sibitzky, Wm. McMillan, Walter Smith, Richard Lindau, Joseph S. Gordon, Herman H. Kohn.

Mr. C. N. Haskins was among the picnickers from Chicago. The crowd returned to Chicago Monday morning.

The Recording Secretary—"What do you think our most popular C. M. B. A.?"

Benny—C(o)mba(I).

C. M. B. A. people said that Mr. Cullingworth was a worthy culler.

"Is watermelon a fruit or a vegetable?" inquired the financial secretary.

"It is a beverage—98 per cent. beer," laughed his companion.

Mrs. Maggie Early returned home to Gano, from her two weeks outing in the country.

"Does farming pay?" Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin are wrestling with the above question.

Miss Brown, of Cincinnati, is the guest of Mrs. Hoy for ten days, and she was also guest of the tennis club at Washington Park, Saturday afternoon, July 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Dougherty are back from their delightful visit to Professor Long, at a Wisconsin resort.

Rev. Hasenstab returned from his trip to Maryland, and preached before a small attendance Sunday, owing to the intense heat. Mrs. Hasenstab preached in La Salle Sunday, and she is on a traveling mission in northern Illinois until August 6th.

The Pas-a-Pas Club will have a very cool voyage on "Christopher Columbus," to Milwaukee and return, on the 17th of August. Mr. Heymanson, the great hustler of the club, was in Milwaukee Saturday, to make arrangements for this purpose.

Professor C. D. Seaton and bride returned to Chicago from their honeymoon in Buffalo, but went to Golden, Ill., to his sick father. The professor is engaged in writing about the Exposition for the *Golden New Era*. CHICAGO.

#### V. M. C. A. GREETING.

Hail, sons of God from every clime,  
Of buoyant faith and work sublime,  
A royal heritage,  
Coworkers of the Prince of Peace,  
Whose triumphs year by year increase—  
Pledge of the golden age.

Your royal service we admire,  
Your burning zeal a holy fire,  
Your burning faith and work divine,  
By your great Captain led, advance!  
The glory of his reign enhance,  
Your ensign true his cross.

From low desires, ignoble aims  
To recognize his holy claims,  
Young men are yours to win,  
And fortify with strength divine  
The Christ ideals to enshrine  
And beautify within.

Lo, fields in white are multiplied,  
Appeals that cannot be denied,  
The Master's mandate voice,  
Gird on anew the reaper's robe;  
Your open field the great round globe;  
Crowded with anxious, joyful,  
—C. B. Hoteford in Boston Herald.

A man had better sleep in loths than keep himself awake with wickedness.

## Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. William H. Bellinger and daughter May, of Sudus, N. Y., spent the Fourth of July as the guest of her friend, Mrs. Henry J. Lalonde and also Mr. Frederick Fennell and Mr. Joseph Hallop, Jr. In the afternoon of the 4th they, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lalonde and their four children took a trolley ride three miles from the city, where they all had a glorious time, and enjoyed the fresh, cool air and breeze at the beach to their heart's content. There was no celebration of any kind, in fact, nothing to interfere with their enjoyment the whole afternoon long.

Mrs. Bellinger and daughter left last Saturday evening for home, well pleased with their visit, and felt thankful to Mrs. Lalonde for the kindness showed them. Mrs. Lalonde is well liked among her friends, for her gentle disposition and kindness towards them.

Mr. Francis Mallott and Miss Mary Risley, father and sister of Mrs. Lalonde, left last week for Hudson, Mich. They are to be gone for some time. Mrs. Lalonde will greatly miss them. H. J. L.

#### Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

JULY.  
28—10:30 A.M., Trinity, Utica.  
28—3 P.M., St. John's, Oneida.  
28—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.  
29—7:30 P.M., Trinity, Watertown.  
Other services will be announced from time to time.

#### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, New York, at 4 P.M.

Services in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes will be held every Sunday during July and August at 4 P.M.

#### Standard Time.

The difficulty of appreciating the difference of time that prevails between different countries is very general, and the following list is printed for the purpose of a ready reference guide by which to calculate the time of any occurrence in another country. All nations, except Spain, Portugal and Russia, calculate their time from the meridian of Greenwich, accepting as standard some even hour meridian, east or west of Greenwich. For instance:

Western European time, or that of the meridian of Greenwich, is legal in England, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg.

Central European time, or an hour east of Greenwich, is legal in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Congo Free State, Denmark, Italy, Serbia, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland.

Eastern European time, or two hours east of Greenwich, is adopted by Bulgaria, Roumania, Natal and Turkey in Europe.

Eight hours east of Greenwich is adopted by Central Australia and Japan.

Ten hours east of Greenwich is official in Victoria, Queensland and Tasmania.

Eleven and a half hours east has been adopted by New Zealand.

The United States, Canada, and Mexico have adopted fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth hours west of Greenwich.

The Hawaiian Islands adopted the meridian of ten and a half hours west.

In Spain the meridians of Madrid, fourteen minutes forty-five seconds west of Greenwich, is legal; in Portugal, that of Lisbon, or thirty six minutes thirty-nine seconds west, and in Russia that of St. Petersburg, or two hours one minute and thirteen seconds east of Greenwich.—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### New Steelmaking Plan.

George C. Carson, a mining man of northern California, has invented and applied for patents in 22 counties on a process for manufacturing steel, which a corporation, apparently the American trust, has offered to purchase for \$600,000.

The invention really consists, according to a despatch to the *Philadelphia Times* from Redding, Cal., of a carbon blowpipe, through the operation of which pig iron can be converted into steel as it leaves the furnace. Mr. Carson has taken advantage of several chemical properties and by their operation has produced a plan for the manufacture of steel which is claimed to be far ahead of the bessemer process.

The lawyer for the prosecution had had the stolid-faced man on the witness stand for half an hour without getting a solitary reply that was favorable to his side. "What is your occupation?" finally demanded the attorney. "I am employed in a bureau of information," replied the stolid-faced man. Then the lawyer for the prosecution realized what he was up against, and gave up in despair.



# NEW YORK.

## The Deaf-Mutes' Union League's Excursion.

### SOME WHO WERE THERE.

#### Items of All Sorts.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League has pulled off its annual excursion, and it is safe to say that even past records have been eclipsed.

The weather was propitious, the destination Empire Grove on the Hudson, the boat the "Palatial Steamer Isabel," and the date Wednesday, July 17th.

The boat, a side-wheel steamer with a large carrying capacity, was completely filled. Most of the excursionists embarked at East 34th Street, about one hundred boarding the boat at West 20th Street.

Flying from the forward flagstaff was the banner of the League, a large white flag with the initials "D M U L" worked in blue. It was made by Theo. S. Rose, whose skill with the needle is well known. Mr. Rose added to his usefulness by officiating as floor manager, and successfully engineered the dance program of twenty-four numbers.

The sail up the Hudson to Empire Grove was greatly enjoyed. The scenery on either bank afforded a panorama of beauty and grandeur—on the east bank the green slopes dotted with the mansions of the rich, on the west the lofty palisades, which have earned for the Hudson the title of "The American Rhine."

The officers of the League were very courteous to all the guests, and kept a watchful eye upon any one who should manifest a disposition to cause disorder, the result being that there was a total absence of rowdiness, and every body had a full day's enjoyment.

Terhune was caterer, and furnished a good class of food and refreshment, both as to quality, variety and quantity.

The checking department was well handled, and wraps and baskets were taken care of and returned without any crowding or delay.

There was a small thunder storm on the way up which made all scurry for cover, but the sun soon came out, and by the time the grove was reached everything was dry and pleasant.

The grove is small, but quite handsome and well adapted to its purpose. There was everything, from swings to tin-type galleries, from merry-go-round to dancing pavilion, and the shade trees, tables, benches, etc., were far ahead of the ordinary picnic type in beauty, abundance and location.

At four o'clock precisely the homeward trip began, and was a pleasant and refreshing sail. The west side landing was reached at seven, and the dock on the East River an hour later. All praise to the Union League for its pleasant outing, which was also financially pleasant for the League.

The Arrangement Committee to whose work the success of the excursion was largely due, was composed of S. Lowenherz (Chairman), A. C. Bachrach, G. M. Taggard, F. Forsyth, C. Glasel.

The officers of the Deaf-Mute Union League are: E. Souweine, President; J. Kieber, 1st Vice-President; M. Loew, 2d Vice-President; Samuel Frankenheim, Secretary; Arthur C. Bachrach, Treasurer.

Theo. S. Rose was aided by the following floor committee: Messrs. W. G. Gilbert, A. Gomprecht, W. Farnham, E. Wolgamot, Marcus L. Kenner.

The Reception Committee was headed by J. B. Gass, as chairman, the others being: H. Alexander, L. Ahmes, A. Banner, E. Bloom, S. Buttenheim, H. Bertine, F. Cava, M. Darrell, B. Elkin, A. Eisenberg, L. Gall, C. A. Bothner, S. Goldberg, H. Goldstein, S. Hirsch, H. Kohlman, M. Levy, C. McMann, I. Moses, L. H. Metzger, F. W. Nu- boer, M. Neufeld, A. Pfeiffer, S. Pachter, C. L. Schindler, F. A. Simonson, G. Schwing, J. Sonneborn, A. Balamuth, L. Gilbert, W. Greenbaum, B. Stein, J. H. Man- ning, T. A. Little, H. C. Dickerson, G. E. August.

Among the large number present were the following:

Rev. John Chamberlain, Miss Marguerite Chamberlain, Mrs. Susan Knox, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Fox, Masters Eddie and Elliott Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. James Russell and children, Mr. and Mrs. George Abrams, Mr. and Mrs. T. Frank Penrose, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Penrose, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meinken, Mr. and Mrs. McMeichen,

Mr. and Mrs. Bettels and son, Mr. and Mrs. B. Dennison, Mr. and Mrs. Eichelsor, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Doenges, Mr. and Mrs. C. Jastram, Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Mr. and Mrs. Schoenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Guss, Elizabeth, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Bennerman and son, Mr. and Mrs. Taggard and son, Mr. and Mrs. B. Elkin, Mr. and Mrs. G. Morrisse, Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander, Mr. and Miss August, Mr. and Miss Golland, Mrs. McManus and son Harold, Mrs. Brewer and son daughter, Mrs. Charles Bryan and two daughters, Mrs. Dave Rosenbaum, Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Eva Carney, Easton, Pa. Mrs. F. B. Thompson, Mrs. Frank Roberts, Mrs. W. Stewart, Yonkers, Mrs. J. Changnon, Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. August Neiser, Mrs. James Lewis, Mrs. Henry Muller, Mrs. Max Miller and daughter Bessie.

Mrs. C. Blake, Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Kearth, Mrs. Ed. Heller, Mrs. Goldberg, Rosalie and Bernard Goldberg, Mrs. A. Burdette Smith, Mrs. Valles, Mrs. Tooley, Mrs. Alex. Meisel, Mrs. Carrie L. Smith and daughter Carrie, Mrs. Wilhelma Buhle, Mrs. Emma Coombs and son, Mrs. Mollie Kipp, Mrs. A. M. Yankauer, Mrs. Ella Turner, Mrs. Isabella Fomire, Mrs. Mary Zorn, Mrs. Mary Evans, Mrs. Rachael Cully,

Misses—

S. C. Howard, Shepherd, Annie Parmlee, Rittie Smith, Emma Caddy, Edna Miller, Mary Cheek, Ethel Perry, Margaret H. Jones, Gussie Berley, Carrie Dixon, Hanatha Henry, Mollie Reilly, Minnie Ecka, Sophia Oehler, Emma Dresing, Adelgunde Berg, Aletha Bastensen, Mary Pfeffer, Rose Ginzold, Lizzie Weber, Katie Weber, Agnes Zeigler, Helen Dugdale, Albany, Mattie Jaycox, Emma Bamman, Florence Mason, Lizzie Thadwald, Pauline Settle and mother, Annie Steinman, Laura Meyer, Sophia Freedman, Mallie Rosenberg, Louise Kummer, Lagai Fenelli, Katie Ehrlich, Lizzie Weidman, Tillie Hitz, Fannie Welch, Lizzie Fisher, Clara Post, Berliner, Rose Finn, Sarah Finn, Maggie Finn, Sadie Cassidy, Flynn, Mary Bertine, Mattie Schiffrin, Sarah Stein, Carrie Volk, Rose Schmidt, Helen Brown, Florence Menow, Paterson, N. J.

Messrs.—

Geo. L. Reynolds, W. Scott Abrams, Culmer Barnes, Edward Stinn, Robert Barth, Harry O'Brien, Philadelphia, M. Leary, Tarrytown, J. Creamer, Boston, Leo Greis, George Schwing, W. W. Thomas, Jules Maria, Fricken, Toohy, Peter Redington, William Davis, Easton, Pa. Milton Haines, L. Morris, J. Dougherty, Henry Samuels (two sisters and children), Newark, Adolph Berg, F. Buckley, T. I. Lounsburg, W. H. Schaub, St. Louis, C. Koeing, Thomas Grogan, Parker, Eugene Mooslein, Charley Sanford, Thomas Taggard, Fred Stover, Albert Ballin.

By ferry from Yonkers to Alpine and then a climb up the towering Palisades at their highest elevation—through dense forests of pine and wildwood, by copse and stream, be- holding the marvelous handiwork of the Master—such was the be- ginning of a bicycle trip taken last Sunday by R. E. Maynard, and once on the summit, the fine macadamized winding road led past many points of interest. Arriving at Closter, N. J., he was joined by Mr. Henry Schuermann, and to- gether they journeyed south to Creskill, Tenafly and Englewood, at each of which the latter was popularly and well-known. They returned to Closter for dinner, and in the afternoon took several nega- tives around the Schuermann home- stead and a most enjoyable time was had. Those of the Silent Wheel- men who are timid, and venture on the roads leading from Englewood to Nyack, should steer clear of the marshy suburbs to avoid the "skeets," which bite with a vim even in the burning sun, and not to fool with copperheads along the roads which, when stretched out for a sun bath on the sandy parts, re- semble a dead branch of a tree. They will bite and kill you, if they get a good hold on ye bicyclist. The territory between Creskill and Nyack is the home of the vicious copperhead.

After having entertained His Royal Majesty King Edward VII. (on 16 occasions), and Her Royal Majesty Queen Alexandra (on 12 occasions), His Royal Highness Abbas, Khedive of Egypt, and a long list of princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, counts, count- ess, knights and famous warriors, that prince of humorous entertainers Marshall P. Wilder, has at last numbered William Scott Abrams among "the people I've smiled with." Mr. Abrams proudly ex- hibits a little prospectus having the signature in Mr. Wilder's almost Spencerian hand, "Merrily Yours, Marshall P. Wilder, To Wm. S. Abrams." In the little book, Mr. Wilder "talks of himself" in the most humorous way imaginable, re- lieved by a bit of heart-touching af- fection when he speaks of his father: "We have as many rooms as we wish, but only one home. His head is silver—heart gold. We are pals." Mr. Abrams claims to have taught Mr. Wilder the manual alphabet, and possibly we will soon hear of jokes oozing from Mr. Wilder's finger tips, as we know his wit coruscates and flashes when shot from the tip of his tongue.

Mr. I. N. Soper, with the assist- ance of his friend, Mr. Buckley, succeeded in tracing his wheel, which a blundering servant girl had given to a blundering expressman the day before Mr. Soper started for Buffalo. It was found in good shape in a storehouse of the express com- pany. The express had received a call to take a wheel from the house next door to where Mr. Soper re- sides, and the driver called at the wrong house and got the wrong wheel, causing New York's greatest deaf wheeling enthusiast a couple of weeks of grief interspersed with meditation and prayer, which almost robbed his vacation of all its pleasure. On the 21st, Mr. Soper, Mr. Buckley, Mr. Louns- bury and "ye scribe" wheeled to Jamaica, thence to Willett's Point, where a swim preceded a hearty meal, and after an hour's rest, on to College Point. About a mile from the ferry, Mr. Soper found a stray horseshoe nail. He picked it up with his rear tire and trundled it to College Point. The nail was not damaged, but the tire will need a plug.

The following is from the New York Herald of Friday, July 19th. "Dennis Hartinett, a deaf-mute, who lives at No. 661 First Avenue, was the chief witness before Re- corder Goff, in General Sessions yesterday, against John Cartar. Cartar was charged with attempting to kill Hartinett on June 30th last, by forcing a knife down his throat. Cartar is janitor of the house at No 661 First Avenue. Hartinett is a painter.

"Joseph Hartinett, a brother of the witness, acted as his interpreter. He was first sworn to interpret his brother's replies truthfully, and Hartinett in sign-language promised to tell the whole truth. Much in- terest was taken in the strange trial, Hartinett's nimble fingers told of the assault on him by Cartar, and the prisoner pleaded guilty and was sentenced by the Recorder to nine months in the Penitentiary."

Manager Davis, of the New York base ball team, has written pitcher Deegan that he would like to see him pitch, and if he gave a satis- factory exhibition, he would sign him. Mr. Davis wants Deegan to pitch one Sunday for the West New Yorks so he can gauge him. Deegan however will not leave Tarry- town. Mr. Deegan is proving him- self another Matthewson. He has pitched three straight games for Tarrytown and only one run has been scored against him. The team is giving him excellent support. He has struck out as many as eighteen in a game.

Messrs. E. Rappolt, L. Cohen and J. H. Keiser, received a fine coat of tan at Midland Beach last Sunday.

Mrs. Buhle reached this city from Buffalo on Tuesday, and on Wed- nesday Mr. I. N. Soper and Mrs. E. Brown arrived in time to be too late for the excursion. A broken driv- ing rod on the engine delayed the train three hours. Misses S. C. Howard and Margaret H. Jones reached Hoboken together at nine o'clock on Sunday, the 14th.

The Xavier Deaf-Mute Society to-day (Thursday) sail down the Bay on a Patten Line steamer to Long Branch. The affair, it seems, is private—that is, only members of the organization and their friends are among those to participate in the outing.

Alex L. Pach went to Red Bank last Sunday, and fished for soft- shell crabs in the Shrewsbury. He caught over a bushel—so many, in fact, that he reluctantly threw half of them back into the water. A crab story is not a fish story, and this one was told me by "Ted."

Samuel Frankenheim has gone twenty-six miles up the State to Pearl River, and will study Arbori- culture from the piazza of Albert Ballin's country seat. Mr. Ballin is a genial host, and it will be hard for Mr. Frankenheim to break away and come to the dusty city again.

Milton Haines, Gallaudet College, '02, has been employed as a photo- graph printer and toper in this city for the past month. He leaves this week for a visit in Hartford, Ct., and in August will return to his home in Maconing, Pa., to re- main until college opens in the Fall.

Theophilus D'Estrella has been in New York since the close of the Buffalo Conventions. He is a valued teacher in the California Institution, and is widely known among the deaf as an amateur pho- tographer of exceptional ability. He is equally appreciated as a genial friend and acquaintance.

Mr. Jacques Loew has patented a belt buckle which, by a swivel at the base, enables the wearer to re- verse the belt, so that one can match a pair of patent leather or tan shoes by simply turning the swivel and reversing the belt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlap and son, after the convention, went to Niagara, where they propose re- maining for several weeks, in order that Mrs. Dunlap may recuperate her failing health.

Miss Carrie Dixon has gone to Philadelphia, to visit her friend, Mrs. Miles, and will also spend a week or two at Atlantic City.

Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz and chil- dren are in Ridgefield, N. J., for a week or so. The "captain" went there to see them on Sunday.

Mr. F. L. Seliney, of Rome, N. Y., was in the city last week.

Adolph Ekardt spent Sunday last at Far Rockaway.

## Allentown, Pa.

Mr. B. R. Allabough, President of the P. S. A. D., was in Allen- town at the home of Mr. Oliver Krause, on the 15th inst., and organized a branch here without any opposition. There were only fifteen deaf-mutes present, but we are very proud to say that they all signed as members in the new organization just after the meeting. President Allabough was a very happy man that evening. There are a number of others who are to join the new organization who were unable to be there. The following officers were elected. Mr. Krause was chosen as Chairman, Mr. Goddess Lessig, Secretary, and Mr. William Fernekees, Treasurer. During his stay here, Mr. Alla- bough was the guest of Mr. Krause.

Mrs. Oliver N. Krause and Miss Katie Schmoeyer have gone to Tama- qua and Pottsville, respectively, to spend two weeks. Mr. Krause will join his wife on the 27th, when there is a picnic near Pottsville. Mr. and Mrs. Krause will return home on the first of August, in time to make arrangements for the Allen- town picnic at Dorney's Park, on August 10th.

Messrs. William and Harry Fernekees were with the Sunday excursionists to Willow Grove, two Sundays ago. They reported hav- ing a most pleasant time. They gave Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hagy a short call in Philadelphia.

O. K.

Mrs. Henry Stengelo, for many years a resident of Brooklyn, but whose home is now in Wisconsin, is visiting her parents in Plainfield, N. J.

A postal card has just been delivered that was twenty-three years in getting from Morrisville, Pa., to Mt. Holly, N. J. A messenger boy could do almost as well.

Kisses are getting more expensive every day. A woman doctor lost her case for \$100,000 the other day because it was proven that she kissed and fondled her patient. Carnegie is wondering how he can give away his fortune of \$275,000,000. Here is a chance at \$100,000 per.

A female baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Paul, of Boston, Mass., June 25th. It weighed nine pounds, and mother and her baby are doing very well. It will be four weeks old next Tuesday. Her other girl, Ada, is now three years of age, and in excellent health. Her new baby's name is Francis Elizabeth Paul.

# OHIO.

## Threshing Wheat for the Home.

### DEAF-MUTE ASSAULTED.

#### Opening of School Postponed—Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greene, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Early Tuesday morning Messrs. McGregor, McGinnes, Grigsby, Rey- nolds, Brochak, and the writer, went up to the Home to assist in threshing the wheat obtained from the four acres sown last Fall. It was impossible to secure help from among the farmers in the vicinity, as they are all busy with their own work. However, the party with Superintendent Jones of the Home, Harry Dix, and a hired man running the machine, were sufficient for the occasion, with three men running the machine, and completed the job before noon. Fifty bushels were secured, and that will supply the Home with flour for the next nine months. A good crop of hay has been secured. There are thirty tons, and most of it is stored in the new barn. Hay is selling at ten dollars per ton, so there is three hundred dollars worth of it for the Home. A second crop will be harvested later on.

Mr. McGregor and the writer re- mained at the Home for a couple of days, and gave the barn its third and last coat of paint—red, with corners trimmed in white, and the structure, the finest in town, pre- sents a pleasing appearance.

The inmates are all in good health, except Mr. Genberg, on whom rheumatism has a strong hold, rendering it very difficult for him to move about.

Although it rained quite hard here on Monday, up at Central Col- lege it scarcely sprinkled. Rain is needed up there about as bad as in the West to help along the garden truck and corn crop.

Don't ask "Bob" McGregor how he liked threshing wheat. He simply wasn't in it after the machine had been running a quarter of an hour. The feeder and "Old Sol" were too much for him.

The Evening Dispatch of last Saturday contained the following:

"Frank Evans, a deaf and dumb man, swore out a warrant in police court Friday for the arrest of a Mrs. Stone, who resides on East Hossack Street. He claims that Mrs. Stone assaulted him Thursday evening without the least provoca- tion, with a hoe, and failing to in- flict any injuries with this imple- ment she proceeded to throw stones at him. Several complaints have been lodged against Mrs. Stone of late, and it is the general impres- sion that she is demented. An affidavit in lunacy will be filed against her."

There was a nice little party at the home of Miss Belle McRedmond Thursday evening, in honor of her birthday anniversary. Some fifteen or twenty young people were pres- ent to congratulate her and make merry on the occasion. She was substantially remembered on the occasion by a number of gifts. During the evening games were in- duced in and light refreshments served.

Mr. George Clum is having his vacation, and is spending it as- sisting his father at his home near Ada, Ohio.

Mr. Harrison Grigsby likewise has fifteen days off, and the other day left for Northeastern Ohio, and will visit with friends in Akron, Canton and Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schasty, the first of the week, moved from the corner of Main and 18th Street to 627 East Mound Street, the latter being the house owned by Mr. A. H. Schory. They will have a far more comfortable and convenient abode than their former one.

Mr. John Michaels left for his home Monday afternoon. His visit to the Home Sunday, where he con- ducted service for the inmates, was greatly enjoyed. The beauty of the place, the furnishing of the rooms, and the comforts with which the old people are surrounded, was a revelation to him. He had no idea before he came up that the Institution was so well arranged. Mr. Michaels remembered the Home in a substantial manner.

It was noticed Monday morning that Foreman Neutzling of the Shoe- shop looked unusually happy, and when questioned if he had fallen heir to a big fortune recently, an- swered "No, not of the money kind, but of a boy, yesterday." Mother and child both doing well.

The Trustees of the Institution held their July meeting Tuesday. The only important matter trans- acted was the postponement of the opening of school one week from the regular date, from September 11th to 18th. The reasons for this change are several, the greatest is that this year the State Fair will continue two weeks, and trains to

Columbus will be crowded with visitors, rendering it very difficult to meet pupils and their friends at the depot. Some improvements are now under way which cannot be completed by the regular opening date.

Mr. Joseph Leib, of this city, was the guest Monday of Mr. Samuel W. Corbett, of Bellaire. By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett have changed their place of residence. Their friends will hereafter find them at No. 1755 South Belmont Street.

Several of the Wheeling deaf are coming to Columbus in August to attend the Ohio Alumni Association, among them Mrs. George W. Steenrod.

Mr. H. Stoehrer, of Wheeling, visited the Buffalo Exposition, in- tending to remain in the Rainbow City a week or more. The weather and diet, however, wouldn't agree with him, so he returned home at the end of three days.

The Bellaire deaf are hustling to make certain improvements in the room which they are maintaining at the Home.

A. B. G.

July 20, 1901.

## MYSTIC.

THE GEM OF NEW ENGLAND.

Lester B. Rosson, '02, Gallaudet College, has not found professional baseball a pathway of roses. The team with which he has been con- nected, the New Londons, have had a firm grip on the tail end of the Connecticut League for some time, although Rosson has pitched and played good ball in the sixteen games which he has played with them. The New Londons did not give Rosson good support, and as they needed a third baseman, Ros- son was traded off to Bridgeport. As Bridgeport cut his salary, Ros- son refused to play with the team. The league directors refused to let Rosson play with New London again, and the case has been re- ferred to Nick Young for his de- cision. Rosson seems to be out of the league at present, but is still in New London awaiting the final dis- position of his case. In batting Rosson was second on the New London team, having a percentage considerably over .300. The New Londons have played three games with Westerly, R. I., and the third and deciding game was won July 21st, by New London with Rosson in the box.

Frank R. Wheeler, head super- visor of boys and clerk at the Il- linois School for the Deaf, at Jack- sonville, for the past year, is spend- ing the summer with his parents here. Mr. Wheeler has accepted the position of teacher in the Min- nesota School for the coming year.

Lester B. Rosson, of New Lon- don, was a recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orlando A. Clarke.

Miss Helen Fish, of this place, will enter the Freshman Class at Gallaudet College in the fall. Miss Fish has never attended a school for the deaf, or any school since she became deaf at an early age from scarlet fever. She has always been a great reader and has had very little private instruction. A year ago, last winter, she visited Gal- laudet College and became possess- ed with a desire to take a college course. In the very brief time re- maining between her return home and the June examinations, she studied by herself and succeeded in passing seven out of the ten examinations for the Introductory Class. She has studied by herself during the past year with slight outside assistance, and has not only removed her entrance condi- tions to the Introductory Class, but has passed all of the examinations for the Freshman Class and enters without a condition. This is cer- tainly a record to be proud of, and the young lady highly deserves the congratulations of her friends.

Edward P. Clarke, a teacher at the Fauwood School, is spending the summer in Mystic with his family. The schoolmates and classmates of Ira S. Rathbun, of Mystic, at Hartford in the late seventies, will be sorry to learn that his eyesight has failed so fast that he has the greatest difficulty in recognizing those about him. Although he is in fairly good health, his weak sight interferes very materially with his custom in shoemaking, which makes the struggle for exis- tence for him and his wife and two children, a severe one, indeed. Mr. Rathbun has ever been industrious and steadiness itself.

Mrs. Jared A. Ayres, widow of a former distinguished Hartford teacher, is enjoying a beautiful old age at her home. "The Cedars," surrounded by the thoughtful care of her loving daughters.

Miss Damon, the Principal of the Mystic Oral School, is spending the summer at the school.

Ambrose B. Clarke, a former Hartford pupil, has retired from his labors as machinist in the local machine shop, and now busies him- self fishing or gardening as the spirit moves him.

MYSTIC.

A blush on the face is better than a blot on the heart.

## The Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

To the Deaf of Pennsylvania and their Friends: Greeting!—The undersigned Executive Committee believes that you recognize the bene- fits to be derived from an associa- tion formed for mutual good suf- ficiently to appreciate our present purpose in addressing you.

The association which can best represent the deaf of this State and can most effectively demand and protect their rights and advance their interests, is undoubtedly the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. It is an incorporated society and is intended to be what its name implies. If the laboring classes find an associa- tion necessary to safeguard their rights, it is surely also a good thing for the deaf. Therefore, every deaf person in the State should take an interest in their leading society. One way to do this is through membership. All can do that.

The objects of our Society are many. At the present time, the highest object aimed at, and the one for which we are laboring with "heart and soul," is a Home for the Blind, Aged and Infirm Deaf.

Every deaf man and woman in the State should take pride in being able to help build up such a noble Charity!

Again, one of the simplest ways to help it is by joining the Society; for the rules prescribe that one-half of the membership dues shall go to the Home Fund. The financial affairs of the proposed Home are in the hands of the following efficient Board of Trustees: Mr. R. M. Ziegler, Chairman; Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Secretary; and Prof. F. W. Booth, Treasurer.

On the first of July the 20th year of the existence of the Society will have passed, and will be known as one of the most prosperous in its history; for in that time nearly a thousand dollars was added to the Home Fund. This achievement re- flects great credit upon the mem- bers, and the officers of the Society feel very thankful to each and every one who helped do it.

Now, it is greatly desired to do even better the coming year and, if a large number of deaf will join the Society and help the officers in the many little ways that may be sug- gested, it can easily be done; for remember, "In union there is strength." At the last meeting of the Society the rules were changed so that now meetings are held every two years. Accordingly there will be no meeting this year; but the work of the Society will go on with- out stoppage. We, therefore, ear- nestly hope and ask that every one who receives this letter will show his interest in and give his support to the Society by sending his membership fee (Ladies 50 cents, Gentlemen \$1, payable annually on or before the first Monday in July), to the Secretary of the Society, Mr. J. S. Reider, 1538 North Drove Street, Philadelphia; or through the Treasurers of the various Local Branches of the Society.

In due time, each one will receive a blue membership card from the Treasurer. Those receiving this circular can be of use to the Society by showing it to others and in- ducing them to join the Society. Kindly do this, as it is easy enough for any one to do.

The next meeting of the Society will be held in Carlisle, Pa., in the summer of 1902. Particulars will be announced in due season.

As some who get this letter may not know who the present Officers of the Society are, we will give them here: President, B. R. Allabough; First Vice-President, R. M. Zeigler; Second Vice-President, Archibald Woodside; Secretary, G. M. Tee- garden; Treasurer, Jas. S. Reider; Managers, Daniel Paul, Henry Barden, R. E. Underwood and Rin- hard Fritzsche.

Wishing all prosperity, and hop- ing for an early and hearty response to this appeal, we are,

Very respectfully yours,  
B. R. ALLABOUGH,  
G. M. TEEGARDEN,  
J. S. REIDER,  
Executive Committee.

## Girl Fights Fiercely to Escape Asylum.

DEAF-MUTE FELS POLICEMAN TO GROUND WITH A CHAIR AND BITES DOCTOR'S HAND.

Rosalie Tartorelli, a deaf-mute, twenty-one years old, of No. 415 Gardiner Street, Union Hill, N. J., made a desperate fight yesterday, when she was removed to the in- sane asylum in Snake Hill, N. J. She drove her brother from home with an axe last Monday, and he then complained to the police. Dr. William Menger, the town phy- sician, subsequently examined the girl and pronounced her insane, and yesterday the brother called at the girl's house in a carriage with two policemen to help the physician re- move her to the asylum.

They found the house locked up and had to smash in the door. The girl immediately felled one of the policemen to the floor with a chair, but before she could be placed under control and put in a strait- jacket she had bitten a piece out of Dr. Menger's hand.

Miss Tartorelli is very pretty and well educated.



AFTERNOON EVENING  
**PICNIC & GAMES**

OF THE  
New York Guild  
of Silent Workers

AT  
**FORT WENDEL,**

the Northern terminus of the  
Third and Sixth Avenue  
Trolley Lines.

AMSTERDAM AVE. AND 195TH ST.

**Saturday, Aug. 17, 1901**

Potato Race for Ladies. No entrance fee.  
Shooting Match for Men.  
Bowling Match for Men.  
Prizes for 1st and 2d places.  
Tug-of-War. Entrance fee \$2 for each  
team. Prize for each man in the win-  
ning team.

Games commence at 3 o'clock P.M.

**Adult Tickets, - - - 25c.**  
**Children's " (bet. 5 and 12 yrs.) 10c.**

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:  
Wm. G. Jones, Chairman,  
F. W. Meinken, C. J. LeClercq.

SEVENTH ANNUAL  
**PICNIC & GAMES**

of the  
New Jersey  
Deaf-Mutes' Society

to be held at

**ROSEVILLE PARK,**

Cor. Orange and  
First Streets,

**NEWARK, N. J.**

**Saturday,**

**AFTERNOON AND EVENING**

**August 31, 1901**

Open at 1:30 P.M. Games at 3 P.M. sharp

**ATHLETIC EVENTS.**  
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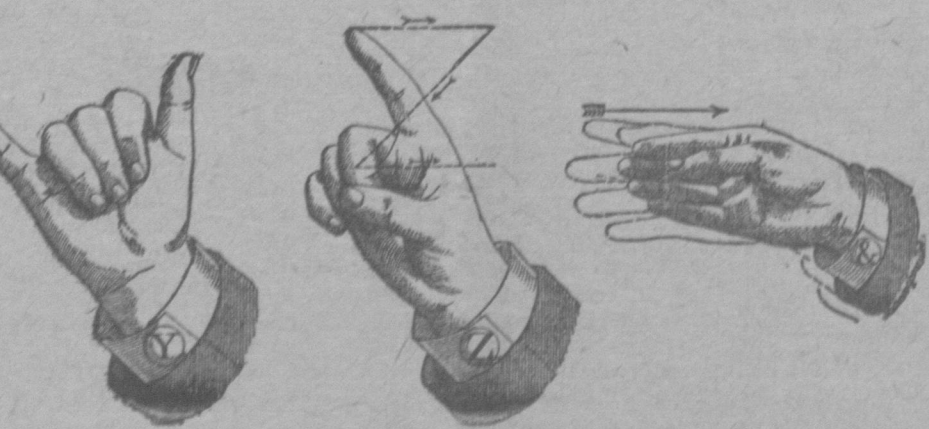
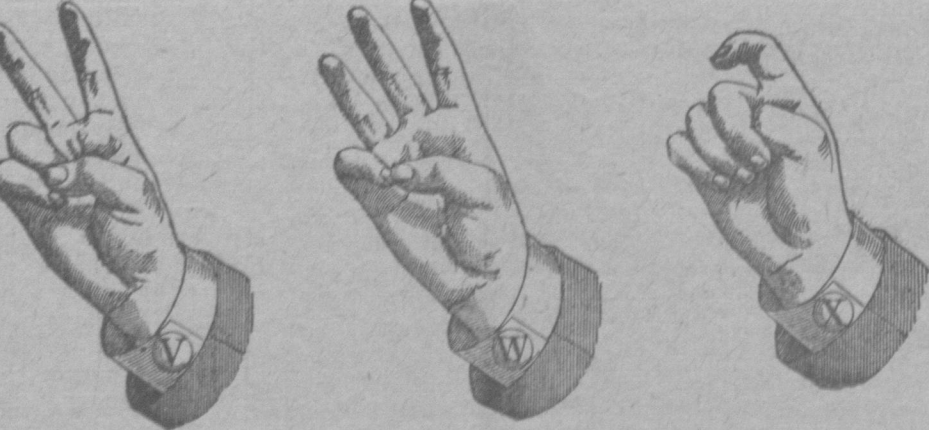
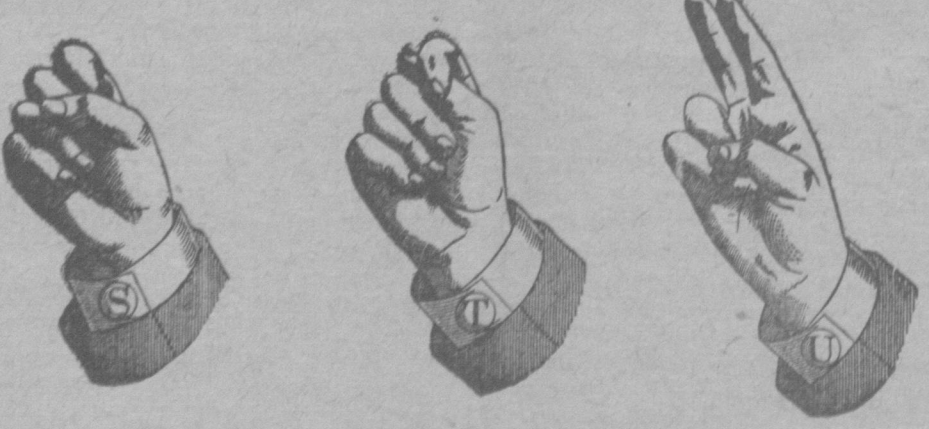
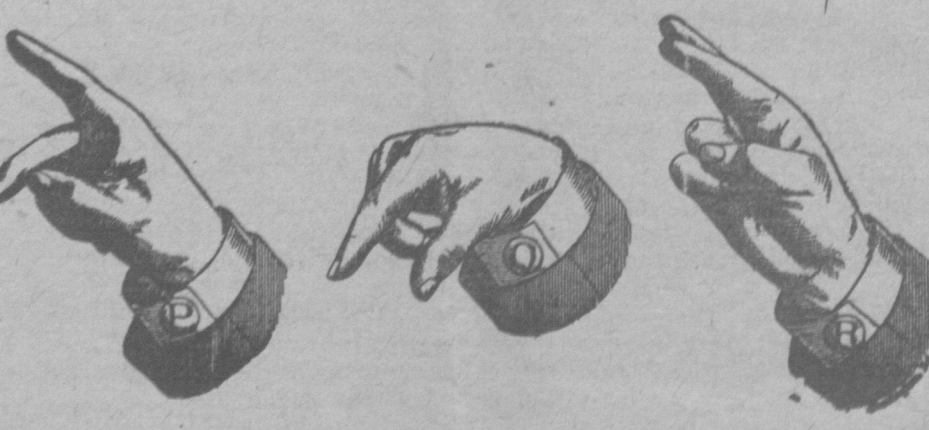
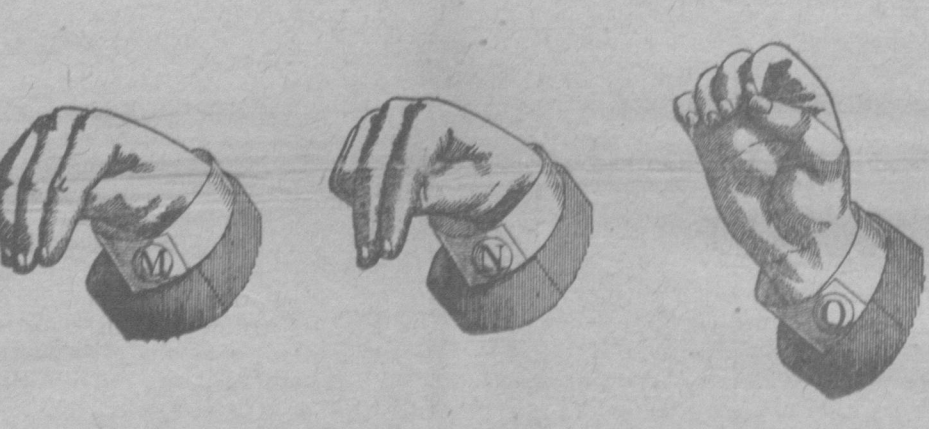
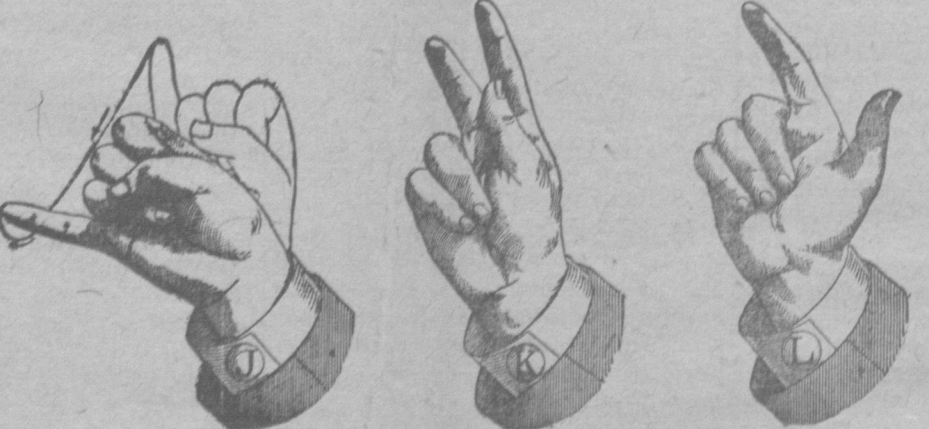
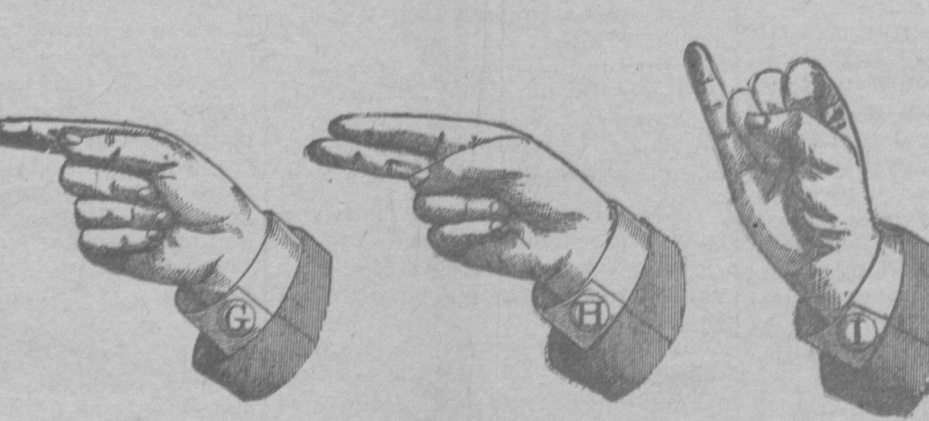
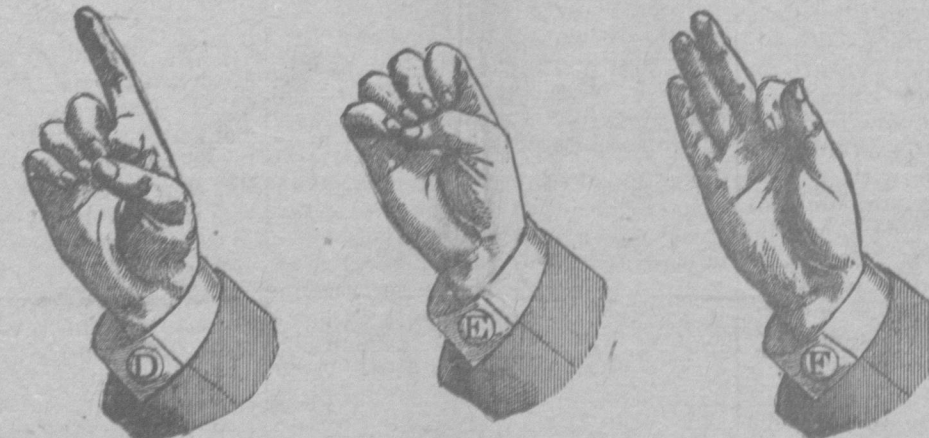
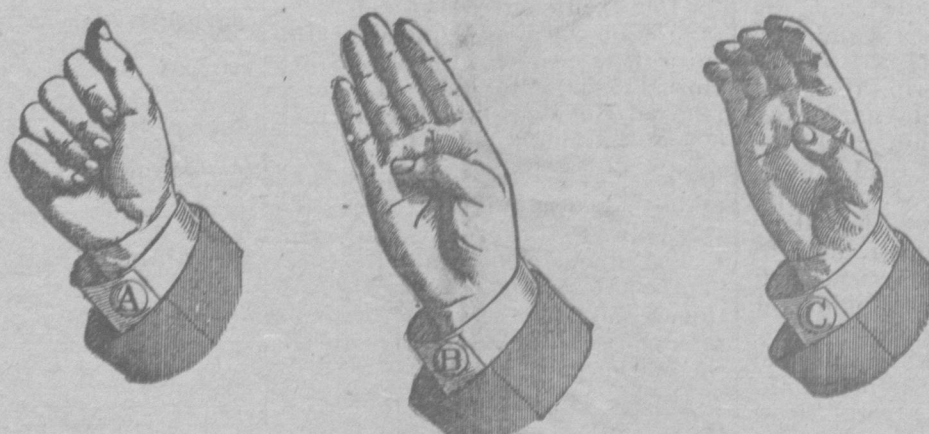
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